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Lexington Intelligencer
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The disappointed office seekers are getting mighty numerous in this congressional district. In two years more they ought to be in the majority.

The nomination of Frederick D. Gardner of St. Louis for governor assures the people of a business administration, something they have not had for a long time. Third rate lawyers have their uses, but directing a big business is not one of them.

The race between Hamlin and Major for the Democratic nomination for congress was some race. Hamlin, at this writing is less than 100 votes ahead with a few precincts to hear from. Major did so well in the first heat that he will probably come back. Come, we're for you.

The republican party having no timber to put in their platform, Mr. Hughes, their nominee for president, has decided to take a chance on woman suffrage. President Wilson has already declared for woman suffrage but believes that it should be left to the states. The President is right again.

Lafayette county including Lexington township had a real Democratic primary last Tuesday. Challengers were placed at all the precincts in Lexington Township, and if any Republicans got by on the Democratic ticket they have reasons for rejoicing. The results were so satisfactory that it will probably be made a practice. The challengers at the city hall were Wm. Aull, Sr., and C. A. Keith; at the court house, Wm. Aull, Jr.; at East Lexington, G. P. Warren. They were appointed by H. C. Chiles, chairman of the Democratic central committee.

Rev. F. M. Burton went to Bates City yesterday for a few days on business and from there he will go to Odessa to conduct the Sunday services.

Miss Katherine Barton returned to her home in Odessa yesterday after a visit here with Mrs. B. R. Young.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Dawson of Kansas City, are visiting at the home of David O. Heathman.

Dr. J. E. Tucker was in Kansas City yesterday on business.

Two Years of the Superman.

From the New York Times.

The Empire of Efficiency began the War of Frightfulness, on Aug. 1, 1914. On Aug. 1, 1915, the outlook for liberty and democracy was at its darkest. The second year will end on Tuesday and light is breaking. The first year ended with the Superman everywhere in the ascendant; the second year ends with the common men and the little peoples coming toward their own. On the eve of Aug. 1, 1916, what had been the general faith on the eve of Aug. 1, 1914, what had seemed a broken creed on Aug. 1, 1915, is coming out plain again from the murk—that arrogance, egotism, cruelty, and tyranny cannot conquer the world, that in the warfare between Ormuzd and Ahriam, Ahriam cannot win. It is the lesson we learn from Napoleon, from the Ancien Regime, from many incarnations of Ahriam, but the world forgets and needs to learn again.

A year ago Efficiency was driving the Russians pell-mell before it, held the Western Allies helpless, was about to begin the destruction of Serbia and the working of British disaster in the Ottoman Empire. Only at sea and in Africa were the Allies dominant. Today Efficiency and Frightfulness are surrounded and beleaguered; they have no longer any chance of resuming their offensive, and their only hope now is to resist so stubbornly that the result will be a draw—a peace of exhaustion, a time of recuperation, and the whole thing to be fought out again when the wounds are healed.

The two-headed God of Efficiency and Frightfulness is not, after all, superhuman, invulnerable, invincible, or—what is more to the point—infallible. Efficiency blunders, Frightfulness flees. On paper, in advance, efficiency was all-wise, Frightfulness irresistible. Efficiency launched the war of the Superman against the common man at the perfect moment, seen unerringly. Its infallible secret service reported to it that England would not enter the war, for fear of an Irish revolution and an industrial revolt; that Russia could not lumber up upon her ponderous feet before Paris was in Efficiency's hands; that France was populated by nerveless decadents—here is where Efficiency's scientists gave their omniscient evidence—and had no more resisting power than Paraguay; that Belgium would not resist the entrance of Efficiency's armies; that Italy would fight for Efficiency, and that the sympathy and moral support of the United States were certain. It was the divine-

ly right moment. Efficiency's methods were as certain as arithmetic.

Among Efficiency's attributes is that of being able to force every step, not by divination but by methodical preparation. Had not Efficiency arranged in advance every step of the war of 1870, and had not everything come out accordingly? So now Efficiency was to cross unresisting Belgium and sweep over decadent France to Paris within a certain number of weeks. France was to be conquered before the clumsy Russian could reach for his gun, and then the one remaining opponent was to be fought to a standstill by all the armies of Germany and Austria-Hungary.

But the moment Belgium's soil was touched Britain declared war, and the sun was closed to Efficiency. Efficiency must feed herself unaided. Somehow, Efficiency had blundered; her diplomats and spies had misinformed her, their salaries and expense accounts had been wasted in a manner, that smelled, somehow, of Inefficiency; for what they had reported to her was what any mere Inefficient, with eyes in his head, who had spent a month in England, could have told here was not true. No matter; the conquest of France was easy, Russia could not fully mobilize before she would be grappled with, and Britain with her "contemptible little army," could be forced to a favorable peace.

Belgium unexpectedly resisted, and was slaughtered; and the sympathy and moral support not only of the United States, but of nearly every country, were sundered from Efficiency by that act. Inefficiency could have done no worse. The old-fashioned, hit-and-miss, go-as-you please mental processes which were to be superseded by infallibility never stumbled into such a blunder as this. Efficiency carried her armies almost to Paris, and then Decadence arrested her descending arm at the Marne. That blow has never fallen to this day, and the whole infallible plan was split and shattered by the ordinary human mind of a French General who did not believe in Efficiency, in Frightfulness, or in the divine right of one nation to rule others.

Despite Efficiency, Russia had mobilized with a speed not premised in its faultless calculations, and now invaded Austria; and Italy, so far from joining Efficiency, opened fire on her. But Russia, like all the other Allies, had been taken unprepared by the sudden and murderous attack of Frightfulness on Aug. 1, 1914, and to her unpreparedness was added treachery at home. She suddenly found herself weaponless, and was driven within her own territory, much of which was taken from her. On Aug. 1, 1915, her helpless armies were falling back, and on the western front Efficiency and Democracy were locked in an unbreakable trench warfare.

The system of Frightfulness is not alone a system of atrocities; it is not limited to the slaughter of women and children by Zeppelins, submarines, and individual enterprise. It is the system of warfare by which you continually appall your opponent; it destroys his nerve by its unexpectedness and its violence. Frightfulness, like Efficiency is infallible. All you have to do is to keep it up, and the inferior race is sure to get into a panic. It was part of the war of Frightfulness, therefore, to launch Ireland at England's back, to attack the Suez Canal, to set India and Egypt afire at a moment when England was expecting nothing but an attempt to attack Prals again. So, suddenly, Frightfulness attacked England's nerves by bursting into Serbia when such an attack was least expected. Serbia had twice

defeated Austria, but she could not defeat Austria, Germany, and Bulgaria combined, and the destruction of Serbia followed the destruction of Belgium. But the Suez Canal did not fall, nor did England's nerves flutter. She was aroused instead, and gave Kitchener the 4,000,000 men he had asked for.

Strange to say, this was the effect of Frightfulness everywhere, Infallible Efficiency foretold that an attack on a fishing village, a Zeppelin raid over London, the sinking of a liner, the shooting of an English nurse, must shatter England's nerves. Instead, it filled the slow Englishman with fury, and he entered the army by the million. Today there are hundreds of thousands of Englishmen in the armies that are pounding Efficiency to pieces on the Somme who would not be there if it had not been for Efficiency's masterpieces—Scarborough, the Lusitania, the Zeppelins, Louvain, Edith Cavel. But the principle of Frightfulness is that it is infallible and that all that is necessary is to keep it up long enough; so Frightfulness goes on; today it sinks a hospital ship in the Mediterranean, and more Englishmen crowd to the recruiting offices. Yet, strange to say, after a year and a half of war Efficiency discovers that there can be exceptions to an infallible rule; it gives up the submarine war on passenger ships so as to avoid war with the United States. It is the first dent ever made in the consciousness of infallibility. It amazes and angers the true believers; Efficiency cannot be mistaken, Frightfulness can have no exceptions; and they clamor for the official scalp of Bethmann Hollweg, a Laodicean Efficient.

So the war goes on well into its second year, and Liberty begins at last to be ready for its defense against the Superman. It was unprepared in 1914, even in 1915, but it has prepared itself under fire. Liberty is not infallible, not omniscient. But Liberty is determined that the Superman shall not rule the earth; that the things that have been so slowly and painfully won for the race through all these centuries shall not go down at the flat of a new theory, a new doctrine—the old doctrine of Divine Right made worldwide and turned into religion. It makes no brag of its destiny or divinity, but it closes around Efficiency in a deadly circle. The Iron Ring becomes a reality. At last, though not until 1916, the fraudulent god begins to totter. The old things, the things that men fought for and toilsomely won from Runnymede to Bunker Hill, are dimly seen emerging through the black smoke that obscured them so long; and, despite the two years of travail, their faces are unchanged.

The sea still beleaguers Efficiency. Frightfulness has ceased its futile, murderous war there. Once, this year, Efficiency sent her ships out to fight manfully, not murderously. After the battle was over, nothing was changed; the sea was still a foe. All along the east front Efficiency is desperately resisting the gigantic rush of Europe; here her lines hold for a while, there they go pell-mell, and the armies of Efficiency go reeling and staggering back. On the south Italy holds Austria, so that she cannot reinforce her breaking lines in the east and has to cry to Turkey for men. On the west the avengers of the Lusitania are smashing through Efficiency's lines; in Turkey the Grand Duke tears Armenia from the grasp of Frightfulness; and at home Efficiency is busy arranging, not conquest, but resistance.

Liberty, menaced in 1914, in desperate danger in 1915, holds to her long-endangered faith in 1916 and sees in the future the salvation of that faith. Some

things are plain enough already. The old things are not so easily destructible. The two-headed god is a false god. Fallible Efficiency, Frightfulness unfearful, constitute together no Superman at whose coming the world must fall on its face. This is not the god that was to come; we must look for another. A year ago Efficiency made another of its blunders; it counted Russia out of the war, and was taken by surprise when Brusiloff's avalanche fell upon it this year and when Nicholas ripped his knife through the Turkish Empire. Frightfulness has done its work, but not the work it was so infallibly to do; it frightened nobody, but it added incalculably to the stern resolution of the world that this new monster must not succeed where Genghis Khan and Tamerlane has failed.

So, with pretense to a godlike Efficiency, and without retaliating upon Frightfulness, the nations that fight for Liberty went doggedly to work to save her, and though the war may last long yet, it is evident that they will save her. It was not so evident, except to faith, a year ago today. The old battle is ending, or will end, in the old way. There is no place in the world for the rule of the two-headed god. Men and nations will not submit to live other than in their own way. The challenge that was thrown down to Liberty on Aug. 1, 1914, was like the challenge that Gessler threw down to the Swiss—"Bow down to my hat." No, it was an older chal-

lenge. The challenge of the Superman was never given so insolently as on that 1st of August except on one occasion. That was when Apollyon, "striding across the way," said: "By this I perceive that thou art one of my subjects; for all that country is mine, and I am the Prince and God of it. How is it then that thou hast run away from thy King? Were it not that I hope thou mayst do me more service, I would strike thee now at one blow to the ground." And the reception of this challenge was that which has been made by the spirit of man whatever it has been given since: "I fought till my sword did cleave to my hand; and when they were joined together, as if the sword grew out of my arm; and when the blood run through my fingers, then I fought with the most courage." So the defenders of Liberty are receiving that challenge today; and though the blood run through their fingers, they will not give up the sword until Apollyon falls.

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